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SCHOOL PLAYS, Number 11

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD

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CHICAGO.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD

AN INCIDENT OF KING ARTHUR'S COURT

BY

MARJORIE BENTON COOKE

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1906

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COPY A.

CHARACTERS.

KING ARTHUR, disguised as a gardener's boy.

SIR GERAINT,
SIR GAWAIN,
SIR EWAINE
SIR PELLIAS,
} Knights of King Arthur's Court.

KING LEODEGRANCE.

THE GARDENER.

LADY GUINEVERE.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.

[SCENE.—*A small summer-house or pavilion in the garden of* **King Leodegrance's** *Palace. The walls of the stage may be covered with a tissue paper lattice-work, or hung with some sort of drapery, to suggest a pavilion. There is an entrance at back, and pots and boxes of flowers are set about in the summer-house. There are a few chairs and a table for furniture. Discovered the* **Gardener,** *snipping the flowers in boxes. Enter* **Sir Geraint.**]

Sir Geraint. Has the Lady Guinevere fared forth yet to-day, Gardener?

Gardener. [*Touching cap.*] No, Milord, not yet. She never comes until the sun is high. These great folk miss the best o' a garden, begging your pardon, sir, forbye they lie a-bed until the dew is gone and——

Sir Geraint. Peace! Who comes here? [**Gardener** *goes to door and peers out.*]

Gardener. I know him not, Milord. Some Prince of the household, I misdoubt me not. [*He steps aside to allow* **Sir Gawain** *to enter.*]

Sir Gawain. What? Sir Geraint? By my faith! What make you at the court of Leodegrance?

Sir Geraint. I come not of my own accord, Sir Knight, but at the behest of one who calls himself the White Knight——

Sir Gawain. White Knight—say'st thou? I too am come from an encounter with such an one. Say on.

Sir Geraint. This Knight and I did meet in combat, and we did agree, that he who was vanquished should get him to the lady of the victor, and serve her valiantly for seven days.

Sir Gawain. In some such manner was I vanquished, and on the same excuse you find me here! Gardener, does some one come?

[**Gardener** *limps to door and peers out.*]

Gardener. Another noble is at hand, Milord.

[*Enter* **Sir Pellias.**]

Sir Geraint. The armor bespeaks Pellias, if I mistake not.

Sir Pellias. Sir Gawain, on my life, and Sir Geraint! Well met, Messires, what make you here?

Sir Gawain. Nay, let the latest comer speak the first.

Sir Pellias. Right gladly. I lately met a Knight in combat, and was overthrown, but ere we fought we did agree that the conquered one should serve the mistress of the winning Knight for seven days. [**Sir Gawain** *and* **Sir Geraint** *look at one another and laugh.*]

Sir Geraint. A White Knight was it, on a snow-white steed?

Sir Pellias. The same. What know you of him?

Sir Gawain. We two are sent here on the self-same mission, to serve the Lady Guinevere?

Sir Pellias. What—thou, Gawain, and thou too, Geraint? Pardie, I've pleasant bedfellows!

Sir Geraint. We wait the Lady's coming even now. She's wont to walk the garden at this hour, the ancient gardener tells me. [**Gardener** *goes to door again, and looks out.*]

Gardener. Messires, another comes. [*Enter* **Sir Ewaine.** **Gardener** *goes out.*]

Sir Ewaine. [*Astonished.*] Messires!

All. Welcome, Sir Ewaine! Whence comest thou?

Sir Ewaine. I have done battle with a Knight who overcame me, and——

All. A White Knight?

Sir Ewaine. The same—a man of iron. Know'st thou aught of him?

Sir Geraint. We all are here to serve the Lady Guinevere!

Sir Ewaine. What say ye? Well-a-day, 'tis spring, Messires, and spring's as fair in a lady's garden as on the highway! But soft—she comes.

[*Enter* **Lady Guinevere.** *She turns at door and speaks to ladies without.*]

Lady G. Await me, Ladies, I'll return anon. [*Starts.*] How now, Messires? [*Knights doff hats and sink to their knees.*]

Sir Pellias. Princess, we are four Knights of King Arthur, hight Sir Geraint, Sir Gawain, Sir Ewaine and Sir Pellias. We come from battle with a White Knight, who hath overthrown us all. But ere we fought we made assurance that the conquered Knights should serve the victor's lady seven days. Lady Guinevere, we're at thy feet, to do thy least command.

Lady G. Messires, I thank you for your courtesy, and bid you welcome to my father's court. [*She advances to chair down* L. **Gardener's Boy** *enters at back, and potters about boxes.*] I pray you rise. [*They rise and group themselves about her.*] I know not to what service I can set ye. The White Knight must be invincible.

Sir Geraint. Lady, he is a man of iron! His blows fall like the lightning flashes and with power unspeakable.

[*Enter* **Gardener** *and seizes* **Boy.**]

Gardener. How now, sirrah—thou'rt idling here, art thou? [*Drags* **Boy** *before* **Lady G.** *All turn in surprise.*] Your pardon, Lady; pardon, good Messires, but, Princess, this lazy, lout of a boy hath done me grievous wrong, and I would implore thy permission to drive him hence.

Sir Ewaine. Get thee gone, fellow. Trouble not the lady's ears with thy troubles.

Lady G. Let him speak. What hath the boy done, Gardener?

Gardener. The knave takes holidays unto himself, whenever the spirit moveth him, so to-day when he returned I laid a staff about his ears, and what think you the lout did to me, your Highness?

Lady G. I know not, Gardener.

Gardener. He took the staff to me! [**Knights** *all laugh heartily.* **Lady G.** *smiles.*]

Lady G. Boy, what hast thou to say?

Boy. Turn about with the staff's fair play, Milady!

Sir Geraint. How dare you, sirrah, keep your cap upon your head before this lady and her lords?

Lady G. Let be. It ill beseems a gentle like thyself to have to do with such a saucy fellow. I prithee take no heed of him, and I will deal with him as is befitting. Begone. [**Gardener** *and* **Boy** *go out.* **Lady G.** *rises.*

Lady G. And now, Messires, I prithee, come with me unto my father, that he may give you welcome to our court——

Sir Pellias. Methinks, Miladi, that thy father cometh to us.

[*Enter* **King Leodegrance** *in haste.*]

King. L. My daughter—my daughter——

Lady G. Father, what hath befallen thee? [*She goes to him and takes his hand.*]

King L. Alack—alack, the Duke of Northumber hath appeared again this day without the castle wall, and given challenge. He demands that I come forth to-morrow day, with seven knights and stand against his assault else will he seize three castles of mine on the borders of Northumber, and demand thy hand in marriage.

Lady G. [*Quickly.*] My father, we must look for champions.

King L. But where? The White Knight, who once before came to our rescue, hath departed hence, I know not where.

Lady G. Messires, you hear my father's news. Ye are pledged to serve me seven days, so, as your first duty, I ordain that ye go forth to-morrow day for to meet this Duke of Northumber.

Sir Gawain. Not so, Lady, not so. For though we are pledged to thy service, yet are we not pledged to the service of thy father. We have no quarrel with the Duke of Northumber. We are Knights of King Arthur, nor may we, except at his command, take any foreign quarrel on us, in service of another King.

Lady G. [*Sneeringly.*] Either thou art marvellous faithful to thy King, Sir Gawain, or thou art afeared of this Duke of Northumber.

Sir Gawain. [*Angrily.*] No Knight had found the courage, Lady, to speak that word to me!

King L. Come, my daughter, let us go consider whence to turn for help. It is not fitting thou should'st sue these lords for favors.

Lady G. Sue, do I not, your Highness. I had thought 'twas mine to command, through honorable contract of these Messires with the White Knight. It seems I have misconstrued. Let us go. [*They go out hand in hand.* **Lords** *stand abashed.*]

Sir Geraint. By my oath, the lady's scorn is biting!

Sir Ewaine. Let's be about some business, else she come again and flay us. Come, sirs. [*They go out. Enter the* **Gardener's Boy.**]

Boy. Thus it is they do obey me. [*Calls.*] Gardener—come hither. [**Gardener** *appears at door.*]

Gardener. What now, you lout? Dost call me hither like

a servant? [*Sweeps low courtesy.*] What would your Majesty with me?

Boy. Enough. Get you to the Princess Guinevere and bear a message which I shall give you. Offer her first this token. [*He takes pearl necklace off his neck and gives it to* **Gardener**, *who fingers it curiously.*] Tell her to send viands from her table here to me, and order those four knights to serve me here with all due courtesy. Tell her to order them that for the remaining days of service they be servants unto me.

Gardener. Art mad? Should'st I deliver such a message, it would cost thy life or mine.

Boy. Do as I say. But disobey me in a single point and it will go hard with thee. [*He makes threatening gesture at old man.*]

Gardener. I go. [*He starts to go, but looks back, slyly. Aside.*] Thus will I contrive his destruction! [*He goes out.*]

Boy. These haughty lords shall bite the dust ere I am through with them. Then with their aid I shall again succor my lady from her enemy. I think she doth suspect——

[*Enter* **Lady G.** *hastily.*]

Lady G. Thou hast sent me a token. How camest thou by it, Boy?

Boy. From the fair hands of her I love, I had it, Lady.

Lady G. Oh! . . . A strange request that these four princes be sent to serve the gardener's boy.

Boy. Dost thou not trust me, Lady?

Lady G. Unto death.

Boy. I have a plan to set the Duke of Northumber running to retreat in a way to his misliking.

Lady G. Oh, sir, I thank thee! I'll send the knights at once. [*She starts to go. Hears voices, and looks out door.*] They are at hand. [*Calls.*] Messires! [*Four knights appear at door and enter.*] Milords—when I commanded ye to take upon yourselves my quarrel with the Duke of Northumber, ye refused, and Sir Gawain spoke angry words but ill befitting one who serveth. Accordingly I have a penance that ye shall perform. Go ye, and fetch some food hither, and serve this gardener's boy, as if he were a royal knight. And when ye have so served him, ye shall henceforth, for the remaining seven days, do whatsoe'er he may ordain. [*She turns haughtily and goes out.*]

Sir Gawain. [*Angrily.*] Messires, the Lady hath wantonly

put a great insult upon us! As we are bound to serve her, we shall obey, but by the rood, when we have served him thus, I'll slay him with my hands. His head I'll put into a sack and send him to the Lady Guinevere as answer to her affront. [*He strides about in great anger.*]

Sir Ewaine. Sir Pellias, since porters there must be to fetch the viands forth, let us act that capacity for the rogue!

Sir P. So be it. [*They go out.*]

Sir Geraint. What, villain, would'st thou wear thy cap in presence of thy betters? [*He is about to fall on* **Boy.**]

Sir Gawain. Let be—it matters not—the churl is doomed. Best eat well of thy meal when it has come, 'tis like to be thy last.

Boy [*Insolently.*] We'll see what we shall see, Knight. Mayhap I may eat many meals, and mayhap thou may'st serve them. [**Sir Gawain** *draws on him.*]

Sir Geraint. Let be—we'll feed him first. [*Enter* **Sir P.** *and* **Sir E.** *with tray of viands, which they place on table down* R. **Sir Ger.** *places chair before it.*] Will it please your royal highness to be seated here? [**Boy** *takes place with dignity.*]

Boy. [*Overbearingly.*] Sir Gawain, carve thou the meat!

Sir Gawain. [*Choking with rage.*] Aye, and later I'll carve thee!

Boy. Thy insolence I shall remember.

Sir Geraint. [*Mockingly.*] My lord, be lenient with us, we are not wont to do a lackey's service.

Boy. 'Tis well ye learn then, for 'tis thy proper sphere. [*They serve him with mock ceremony.*]

Sir P. Methinks, had I the White Knight here, I'd ride at him again, ere I'd take service with his Lady.

Sir Ewaine. Not so. I'd rather serve the gardener's food, than serve as food myself to yonder crows.

Boy. Well said, Sir Ewaine! Another slice from off the haunch, Lord Gawain. Faith, a good butcher's lost in thee. [**Sir Gawain** *serves him haughtily.*]

Sir Gawain. Aye—fatten for the crows, lout! [*The* **Boy** *rises and looks at them commandingly.*]

Boy. Enough of jest. Messires, now ye will arm yourselves and prepare to sally forth with me to meet the Duke of Northumber. Sir Gawain, lead Lady Guinevere's palfrey from the stables for my use.

Sir Gawain. It shall be done according to our oath, but when we ride forth, Boy, it shall be on a sorry journey for thee.

Boy. Peace, and about it. I'll hear no more of "according to our oath." I see too well how thou dost live up to thy compact with the White Knight—I see how thou dost serve me, in accordance with the Princess's order. Honor, Messires, is but a word it seems, among the Knights of our King Arthur's court!

[*Enter* **King L.** *and* **Lady G.**]

King L. What madness is this, Guinevere, that you do set these lords to serve this hind?

Lady G. It is no madness, father. Pray, let be. All will be well, if you'll but trust to me.

King L. Messires, I come to crave your pardon for my daughter's whim. She grows unruly, I must give her over to a husband's charge. The White Knight, when he comes again, must take her and subdue her wilful ways.

Lady G. Nay, say not so, for I will only plight myself unto this gardener's boy!

King L. Art mad? Would'st make a mock and jest of me?

Lady G. I mock not and I jest not.

King L. [*Furiously.*] Hold, 'tis enough. Where is this loutish boy that causes such dismay? Stand forth, sirrah. [**King** *stands at* C., *knights about him.* **Boy** *stands forth.*] What—would'st wear thy cap in my presence?

Boy. I cannot take my cap off.

Lady G. I do beseech thee, Messire, take off thy cap to my father.

Boy. At thy bidding, I will take it off. [*He takes off stocking cap and reveals himself as* **King Arthur.** *All fall on knees before him.*]

Knights. The King!

King L. My Lord—the King, what meanest this? [**King Arthur** *turns to* **Lady G.** *and raises her up.*]

King Arthur. How is it with thee, Lady?

Lady G. Lord, I am afeared of thy greatness.

King Arthur. Nay, rather am I afeared of thine. Thy regard is dearer to me than aught else on earth, Lady.

Lady G. My regard is thine, O King.

King Arthur. And thy heart?

Lady G. And my heart!

King Arthur. Then all is well. Arise, Sir Gawain, Sir Geraint, Sir Ewaine, and Sir Pellias, for we must arm against the coming fray.

Sir Gawain. Pardon, your Majesty, for what must seem——

King Arthur. Arise. I pardon all of ye for your discourtesy to the gardener's boy, but I shall have more to say anon, touching your promise to the White Knight. Let's forth into the good green world, to love—to fight—to die, if need be, for God and my Lady! To arms! To arms! [**King Arthur** *takes* **Lady G's** *hands in one of his, and raises his other skyward.* **Knights** *draw and stand with raised swords.*]

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.

TOMPKIN'S HIRED MAN

A Drama in Three Acts

Price, 25 Cents **By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN**

This is a strong play. No finer character than Dixey, the hired man, has ever been created in American dramatic literature. He compels alternate laughter and tears, and possesses such quaint ways and so much of the milk of human kindness, as to make him a favorite with all audiences. The other male characters make good contrasts: Tompkins, the prosperous, straightforward farmer; Jerry, the country bumpkin, and Remington, the manly young American. Mrs. Tompkins is a strong old woman part; Julia, the spoiled daughter; Louise, the leading juvenile, and Ruth, the romping soubrette, are all worthy of the best talent. This is a fine play of American life; the scene of the three acts being laid in the kitchen of Tompkin's farm-house. The settings are quite elaborate, but easy to manage, as there is no change of scene. We strongly recommend "Tompkin's Hired Man" as a sure success.

CHARACTERS

Asa Tompkins—A prosperous farmer who cannot tolerate deceit.
Dixey—The hired man, and one of nature's noblemen.
John Remington—A manly young man in love with Louise.
Jerry—A half-grown, awkward country lad.
Mrs. Tompkins—A woman with a secret that embitters her.
Julia—A spoiled child, the only daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins.
Louise—The daughter whom Mr. Tompkins believes to be his own.
Ruth—Mr. Tompkin's niece, and a great romp.

Plays about two hours.

SYNOPSIS

Act 1. Sewing carpet rags. "John and I are engaged." "Well, you can disengage yourself, for you'll never be married." "Mrs. Clark, she's took worse." Who makes the cake? Julia declines to sew carpet rags. "It would ruin my hands for the piano or my painting." Dixey to the rescue. "You take the rags a minute, child, and I'll just give that fire a boost." Dixey's story. "It breaks his heart, but he gives her away, an' he promises never teh let her know as how he's her father." Enter Jerry. "Howdy." John gets a situation in the city. Farewell. "It's a dandy scheme, all the same. We'll have our party in spite of Aunt Sarah." "Oh, I'm so happy." The quartette. Curtain.

Act 2. Chopping mince meat. The letter. Louise faints. "How dare you read a paper that does not concern you? "You have robbed me of my father's love." The mother's story. Dinner. "I swan, I guess I set this table with a pitchfork." "Now, Lambkin, tell Dixey all 'bout it, can't yer?" "It looks zif they'd got teh be a change here purty darned quick, an' zif I'm the feller 'lected teh bring it 'bout." " None o' my bizness, I know, but—I am her father!" "It's love the leetle one wants, not money." "If I'd been a man, I'd never give my leetle gal away." "I'm dead sot on them two prop'sitions." Curtain.

Act 3. Dixey builds the fire. "Things haint so dangerous when everybody's got his stummick full." The telegram. "It means that Louise is my promised wife." "By what right do you insinuate that there has been treachery under this roof?" "A miserable, dirty, little waif, picked up on the streets, and palmed off upon my father as his child!" "Oh my wife, your attitude tells a story that breaks my heart." "Yeh druve her to do what she did, an' yeh haint got no right teh blame her now." "Friend Tompkins, a third man has taken our leetle gal an' we've both got teh larn teh git along without her. We kin all be happy in spite o' them two sentimental kids." Curtain.

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A WOMAN'S HONOR

A Drama in Four Acts

By JOHN A. FRASER

Author of "A Noble Outcast," "Sanitago," "Modern Ananias," etc., etc.

Price, 25 Cents

Seven male, three female characters. Plays two hours. For intense dramatic action, thrilling climaxes, uproarious comedy and a story of absorbing romantic interest, actors, either professional or amateur, will find few plays to equal "A Woman's Honor." With careful rehearsals they will find a sure hit is made every time without difficulty.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

General Mark Lester. A Hero of the Cuban Ten Years War.....Lead
Pedro Mendez. His half brother .....Heavy
Dr. Garcia. Surgeon of the Madaline .....Straight
Gilbert Hall, M. D. In love with Olive .....Juvenile
Robert Glenn. A Wall Street Banker.....Old man
Gregory Grimes. Lester's Private Secretary .....Eccentric Comedy
Ebenezer. Glenn's Butler .....Negro Comedy
Olive } Glenn's } ..... Juvenile lead
Sally } Daughters } ..... Soubrette
Maria. Wife of Pedro .....Character

NOTE.—Glenn and Garcia may double.

Act 1. The Glenn Mansion, New York City.

Act 2. The Isle of Santa Cruz, off San Domingo. One month later.

Acts 3 and 4. Lester's home at Santa Cruz. Five months later. Between Acts 3 and 4, one day elapses.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

Act 1. Handsome drawingroom at Glenn's. Sally and Ebenezer. "I isn't imputtinent, no, no, Missy." "Papa can't bear Gregory Grimes, but I'm going to marry him, if I feel like it." "Going away?" "I was dizzy for a moment, that was all." "This marriage is absolutely necessary to prevent my disgrace." "General Lester, you are a noble man and I will repay my father's debt of honor." "Robert Glenn is dead."

Act 2. Isle of Santa Cruz. "Mark brings his American bride to his home today." "You and I and our child will be no better than servants." "How can I help but be happy with one so good and kind?" "It means I am another man's wife." "Dat's mine; don't you go to readin' my lub lettahs in public."

Act 3. Sitting-room in Lester's house. "What has happened? Is my husband safe?" "Break away, give your little brother a chance." "To tell the truth, my heart is breaking." "Debt of duty! and I was fool enough to think she loved me."

Act 4. "The illness of the general has an ugly look." "The gossips have it she would rejoice to be rid of her husband." "The Gilbert Hall I loved is dead." "Standing on the brink of the grave, my vision is clearer." "Forgive, and I will devote my life to making you happy in order to repay the debt I owe you—a debt of honor."

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CAPT. RACKET

A Comedy in Three Acts

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

Price, 25 Cents

This play by Mr. Townsend is probably one of his most popular productions; it certainly is one of his best. It is full of action from start to finish. Comic situations follow one after another, and the act endings are especially strong and lively. Every character is good and affords abundant opportunity for effective work. Can be played by five men and three women, if desired. The same scene is used for all the acts, and it is an easy interior. A most excellent play for repertoire companies. No seeker for a good play can afford to ignore it.

CHARACTERS

CAPT. ROBERT RACKET, one of the National Guard. A lawyer when he has nothing else to do, and a liar all the time....Comedy lead

OBADIAH DAWSON, his uncle, from Japan, "where they make tea." ..... Comedy old man

TIMOTHY TOLMAN, his friend, who married for money and is sorry for it. ..... Juvenile man

MR. DALROY, his father-in-law, jolly old cove.....Eccentric

HOBSON, a waiter from the "Cafe Gloriana," who adds to the confusion ..... Utility

CLARICE, the Captain's pretty wife, out for a lark, and up to "anything awful" ..... Comedy lead

MRS. TOLMAN, a lady with a temper, who finds her Timothy a vexation of spirit .....Old woman

KATY, a mischievous maid ..... Soubrette

TOOTSY, the "Kid," Tim"s olive branch .....Props.

SYNOPSIS

Act I. Place: Tim's country home on the Hudson near New York. Time: A breezy morning in September. The Captain's fancy takes a flight and trouble begins.

Act II. Place: the same. Time: the next morning. How one yarn requires another. "The greatest liar unhung." Now the trouble increases and the Captain prepares for war.

Act III. Place: The same. Time: Evening of the same day. More misery. A general muddle. "Dance or you'll die." Cornered at last. The Captain owns up. All serene.

Time of playing: Two hours.

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UNCLE RUBE

An Original Homestead Play in Four Acts

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

The Finest Rural Drama Ever Published

Price, 25 Cents

CHARACTERS

RUBEN RODNEY, (Uncle Rube) Justice of the Peace, School Trustee, and a Master hand at "swappin' hosses".....Character lead
SIMON SMARLEY, a smooth and cunning old villain..Character heavy
MARK, his son, a promising young rascal .....Straight heavy
GORDON GRAY, a popular young artist .....Juvenile lead
UPSON ASTERBILT, an up-to-date New York dude..Character comedy
IKE, the hired man. "I want ter know!" .....Eccentric
BUB GREEN, a comical young rustic .....Low comedy
BILL TAPPAN, a country constable .....Comedy
MILICENT LEE, "the pretty school teacher" .....Juvenile lady
MRS. MARTHA BUNN, a charming widow.....Character comedy
TAGGS, a waif from New York .....Soubrette

Time—Mid Autumn. Place—Vermont.

Time of Playing—Two hours and a quarter.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The Old Homestead. Uncle Rube arrives.
ACT II. The Constable's office. The plot to ruin Uncle Rube.
ACT. III. Evening at the old farm. Uncle Rube is arrested.
ACT IV. The Constable's office again. The old farmer wins!

This play was written by one of the most popular of American dramatists, whose works have sold by the hundreds of thousands. One of the best plays of its class ever written. Splendid characters. Powerful climaxes. Bright wit. Merry humor. Very easy to produce. Requires only three scenes. No shifts of scenery during any act. Costumes all modern. No difficult properties required.

THE AUTHOR'S OPINION

MR. TOWNSEND says of this drama, "I consider that 'Uncle Rube' is far superior to any play depicting country life that I have yet written."

This is the play for everybody—amateurs as well as professionals. It can be produced on any stage, and pleases all classes, from the most critical city audiences to those of the smallest country towns. Printed directly from the author's acting copy, with all the original stage directions.

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THE OUTCAST'S DAUGHTER

A Drama in Four Acts

Price, 25 Cents **By MARION EDDY**

Ten male, five female and one child characters. Plays two and one-half hours. Modern costumes. Three interior, one exterior scenes, all easily arranged where there is any scenery at hand. No stronger melodrama has been given the play-loving public. Full of the strongest appealing heart interest, intense, pathetic, real life, where joy and laughter are mingled with pathos and suffering, but all ending happily. A melodrama without a villain or the use of fire arms. Amateurs may play it successfully, it plays itself, and it is adapted to strong repertoire companies.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Carl Faber ..... An ex-convict
Howard Ross ..... A manufacturer
Dennis Hogan ..... Servant to Ross
Abel ..... Gardener to Ross
Judge Havens ..... Of the police court
Recorder ..... Of the police court
Lettner ..... Clerk of police court
Second Court Clerk ..... Clerk of police court
Two policemen .....
Little Hugo ..... Agatha's child
Agatha Steme ..... Ross' book-keeper
Ida Rheinhold ..... A retired singer
Mrs. Wilmuth ..... A washer woman
Katie ..... Factory girl
Frances ..... Factory girl

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act 1. Ross' private office. "What has given me the honor of this visit?" "I will never sing again. My life has been a sad failure." "Good God! My mother!" "I have done wrong, I confess, but when a mother asks, a child must forgive. Oh, Mr. Ross, help me." "You, my rich and famous mother, to you I was nothing, and you—you are nothing—nothing to me." "Agatha! Agatha! My child! My child!"

Act 2. Agatha's attic. "My poor father. So young and strong. How I could have loved him." "Yes, Katie is right, I have nothing but bread for my sweet child." "Madam, I vould lie, if I say she vas anything but a lady." "On the other side, towards the garden, there are a few rooms I have never used. If you will take them—" "You do not look like a man who could commit murder. How was it?" "I was a weak man and many misfortunes made me desperate." "My picture! I must be mad." "You are good, child, but you shall not call me father." "Father! Father!"

Act 3. Ross' Garden, "He is so good to me, but I cannot forget my poor unhappy father." "The picture was taken when I was young. He shall have it." "Stay here and be my wife." "That suspicious old man is in the garden." "For her I sacrificed everything." "Do you want to go to prison again?" "My father needs me to defend and comfort him."

Act 4. A Police Court. "Do not ask me, your honor—I am an ex-convict." "Your silence will not help you." "It vas dark und Mrs. Steme vas that scared, she vas faint." "I hope, sor, yer honor believes in a future life, sor." "He wished to see his child; I am his child." "Grandfather, we love you." "I am his wife. Do not condemn him."

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

BERNICE HALSTEAD, a young lady of eighteen, with an affection of the heart, a love for fun and hatred of arithmetic .....
AMY HALSTEAD, her sister, two years younger, fond of frolic.....
INEZ GRAY, a young lady visitor, willing to share in the fun.....
MRS. HALSTEAD, a widow, and stepmother of the Halstead girls....
HANNAH MARY BARNES, or "Sis," a maiden lady who keeps house for her brother .....
DWIGHT BRADLEY, a fortune hunter and Mrs. Halstead's son by a former marriage .....
DR. BURTON, a young physician .....
SAMMY, the darky bell-boy in the Halstead house .....
ABRAHAM BARNES, or "Bub," a yankee farmer, still unmarried at forty—a diamond in the rough .....
ATTORNEY; SHERIFF .....

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Two interior scenes. Modern costumes.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act 1. Parlor of the Halstead home. The young doctor. The three girls plot to make his acquaintance. An affection of the heart. "Easy to fool a young doctor," but not so easy after all. The stepmother and her son. The stolen diamonds. The missing will. Plot to win Bernice. "I would not marry Dwight Bradley for all the wealth the world contains." Driven from home.

Act 2. Kitchen of the Barnes' farm house. Bub takes off his boots. The new school ma'am. "Supper's ready." "This is our nephew and he's a doctor." Recognition. A difficult problem in arithmetic. The doctor to the rescue. "I'm just the happiest girl in the world." "I've come to pop the question, an' why don't I do it?" Brother and sister. "If it's a heifer, it's teh be mine." The sheriff. Arrested for stealing the diamonds. "Let me knock yer durned head off." The jewels found in Bernice's trunk.

Act 3. Parlor of the Halstead home. "That was a lucky stroke—hiding those diamonds in her trunk." The schemer's plot miscarries. Abe and Sammy join hands. The lawyer. "Bully for her." Bradley tries to escape. "No, ye don't!" Arrested. "It means, dear, that you are to be persecuted no more." Wedding presents, and a war dance around them. "It is no trick at all to fool a young doctor."

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